

## THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

Born Friday, August 23rd, 1912. "The Mirror," a journal of protest and conviction. A weekly paper that proposes to speak its mind without regard to any party, or any man's, say so.

The terms Liberal and Conservative have no meaning to the editor of this sheet.

We don't care a cent whether the Sifton Government sits in the seats of the mighty, or Mr. Michener takes a hand at the reins himself.

We have friends on both sides. We are out for the man, not the party.

We occupy a unique position in local journalism in this respect.

Without mentioning names, one may remark that of the three daily papers in town, each serves as an individual mouthpiece for the man with the pocket-book or the party control, behind the scenes. So that it all depends on which sheet you pick up what partizan report you are content to regale yourself with.

It's views you get, not news. Every paper's doing it—except us.

Perhaps a skit in London Truth, with local application best describes what I am trying to get at.

In the News, the News.

It made up two cols.

And the large type was used.

Of itself spoke words.

In the Star, in the Star.

How altered the case?

'Twas compressed a page.

Of but two inches space.

Here a glowing report.

There a brief note and here:

That's the long and the short.

Of the way things were.

But we're going to try, and alter. It may be wrong, but it will be at least be honest.

No man and no interest will influence us. We are not dependent on any human's smile or frown for our existence.

We hold that any paper that is free and above-board will find a sympathetic audience, and whether you are a Siftonite, a Cross man, an admirer of Mr. Ewing's, or an old-time follower of Mr. Oliver's, that you are at least broad-minded enough to read a paper that has any say in the world to grind.

We don't want any favors, but we are the right to live, and to work, and to look up at the stars, and to speak our mind even if it is expensive, at times.

And it is. We don't bind ourselves, and those who only walk, will wonder what I'm getting at. I do not say, I'm not being in an explaining mood, I am not going to brag, and promise you great things.

"The Mirror" is an experiment. As you support it, so will its service be.

With your help I believe we can make it a great paper, a unique one. Special attention will be devoted to a page for women, the dramatic column, a sporting page, to providing the liveliest and most interesting financial news, with special attention to local matters.

Only original copy will be accepted for publication.

We are not a journal of rehash. We believe we have a point of view of our own that will demand your sympathy. The front page will be edited by a woman; that part of it is an experiment if you want.

But why shouldn't a woman have views of her own and interesting ones at that? She has eyes for the little things that men see not.

I believe she has fewer prejudices.

Her appreciation of beauty is greater, her intuition of men and things, a long sight keener.

We have no vote, and we never want one.

I have found, in my rather varied career through life, that men have generally given me more rights than I am entitled to.

I believe in the chivalry of most men, but I am prepared to take my stand in the journalistic world "on my own."

I expect to give knocks and take them. I don't intend to adopt the militant tactics of my suffragette half sisters, but I do intend to let in the light on people and things as I see them.

I trust that this will not convey a wrong impression, such as that I am armed with a hatchet, and laying for somebody's scalp.

I have no ambition to be a head-bunter. I hope rather to be found well up in the boosters' line, but—Edmonton with all her charms is still far from perfect, and there are many respects in which a Mirror held up to her might put her wise.

To write of things as you see them is not always polite. There are considerations of friendship, and advertising patronage, that make the line of least resistance, such as just not seeing, the easiest road to follow. But advertising patronage can be bought at too high a price, and the figure is too extravagant one when it means in plain common English, buying a paper's silence.

We would rather fight for a big little cause than tag at the heels of any man, or body of men.

To go with the crowd means fun, and possibly comfort for a time, but to follow one's best convictions is the only consideration in life worth while in the end.

We intend so far as in us lies to forget that men are called So and So's men. That there are Sifton men and Somebody else's men.

We will like better to remember that a man of courage and character is always his own man, and that a paper can be its own man and still find a following. They say you can't sit on the Council unless you have the Liquor Men's support, or the Moral Reform League's backing, or the foreign vote behind you; well, if that is so, where do the great bulk of the voters get in their say?

It is one of the big puzzles, but one that we shall set ourselves to probe.

We want to know why we have such an affliction of Nobodies in our Legislative Halls, where the country is brimming over with bright men.

Why men who don't know beans about departmental work get all the big positions.

We hope that advertisers will find this paper a good medium because we are to give them the best service possible, and because as women represent the large bulk of the buyers of a town, its being edited by a woman, especially for women, they will know that their advertisements are read by the particular class they hope to reach.

This week, necessarily, the various departments are hardly in running order. The Dramatic Column for instance, is strictly non est. By our next issue, however, we hope to have it a particularly attractive feature.

Suggestions that readers think will add to the usefulness and interest of "The Mirror" will always be gratefully received. If you don't like us, tell us.

If you have any inkling as to how we have a large variety of empty pages ready to receive them.

To those of you who have any insight into the discouragements that have to be faced in floating a paper in a new and comparatively sparsely-settled community, perhaps this new venture will seem the most arduous lot.

I can't perhaps explain better why we tackled it, than by telling you the following story:

A small newsboy's lot, gay call halted a woman passing along the street of a Western city, and she paid a penny for one of his papers, she asked:

"What do you pay for your papers?"

"I on Sandy Jim's beat," he replied, "an' I pays a cent apiece."

"But if you don't make anything, why do you go about selling papers?"

"So I gets a little," he answered, "to holter, an' go round with th' push."

Once you have hollered and "gone round with th' push," you've got to keep on hollering, that's all. You're spoiled for leading a lazy life; you've got to keep in the game.

So here we are, and we hope you'll like us, and as the Circus Man puts it, "if you go, go home and tell your friends about us—and if you don't mind it, the word."

In starting a new paper, there's a whole heap you have to consider.

What is to be the general character of your sheet? What can you afford to do about free advertisements? You know the thing I mean, running far and notices, free concert ads, notice of transient attractions, and the like.

Whether you are going to run literature or news? In advance let me thank all those who have shown confidence in "The Mirror" in its initial number.

It is this loyalty and good fellowship that have given me strength and confidence when it seemed that there was no field for a paper of this character as yet in town, to still have confidence that it must be something wrong in the old paper, and in the town, that kept it from achieving the success that those who had its welfare at heart, hoped it would attain.

I think I know that something.

I have my word on it, it will be a Waterloo of another character that will put "The Mirror" out of commission.

The other day I received a communication from the publishers of "Woman's Who's Who of America."

I was to be "in" it.

In such a compilation my name had most naturally suggested itself.

When and where was I educated?

Dignity and honor in my answers.

Husband's and children's names?

What were the important events of my professional life?

Politics?

Religion?

Recreations?

Was I interested in the Suffrage question," etc., etc.

Such is Faneel—or so I might have flattered myself that New York is hanging on my answers.

Now I know it is possible to purchase all this at so much per line.

So that I cannot put myself on the back and imagine that the "Who's Who in Alberta" or some such name, they got out here two or three years ago. It cost a man who wanted his photograph in as well as the little lying sketch, oh, a mere trifle.

About a hundred or so. You bought the book and we found out all the wonderful things you had—(n't) done.

I have me, no one recognized his next-door neighbor. That is by the sketch. Sometimes the photos gave the identity away. You never knew, you know what a number of clever people you have in Alberta.

Advertisers step in to tell you how great you, and Bill Jones, are. No one ever knew you had any religion before.

This I own pastor wouldn't recognize you as one of his sheep.

You probably play a good game of poker, but you soon find yourself down an old lover of croquet or lawn tennis.

livel with the human aspect of news rather than with the sensational side of it.

I am interested in every man's point of view, and every woman's, into the bargain. I too have found that the most unlikely men carry the brightest ideas "under their waistcoats," and if this journal accomplishes nothing else, it will be my constant aim to discover the "human" side of events, and every Tom, Dick and Harry's viewpoint of life in general, and things as he has found them in particular. The pages of this journal are open for discussion at all times, but unnecessary to remark, we have no fund open to defend libel suits.

A man should be prepared to stand back of his opinions, and his signature at the close of a communication is his guarantee of good faith to the editor. Of course by this I don't mean that suggestions will not be always welcome whether a man wishes his name published or no, and that a non-deplum to an article that does not deal in any way with libellous subjects will restrict its publication. All I want to guard against is this paper being used for purposes of personal spite.

I don't propose so using it myself, and I have no intention of allowing any one else so great a liberty. I want to keep friends with the world. We want to keep friends.

Now as to those free advertisements I have already referred to. Please there are not going to be any.

This paper exists—or hopes to—on straight business principles.

I want to pay my bills, and I want you to pay yours.

I can't pay mine, if I have to give away my very limited space. Already, too, you know my oft-voiced opinion that a thing that is worth while is worth paying for.

If you have an article in your stores that I want very badly, that I consider worth while to me, you may be very sure that I will willingly pay for it. If my paper isn't worth while to you, go to one that you think is.

I can't give, when I do give, voluntarily. Petty blackmail has no terrors for me, and if you are going to cut this paper because I won't give you things, then any church and society in the country is welcome to.

All churches look alike to me.

I believe they are all doing good work. Happily God wanders in the streets, and is no respecter of creeds.

I believe He would sooner see a man pay his bills than that, and that if He were managing the practical affairs of the churches, newspaper publishers and their families would be given a chance to make an honest living.

There is another side to this question.

Why should a paper give away to some people the space that other bona fide advertisers are paying good money for? My first duty is to the people who are supporting me, and anything that is giving away they are the ones who are going to get it.

So we start clear. You have been told my position in a nutshell, and there should be no misunderstanding.

I am willing to "boost" for the town, for the general welfare of Edmonton. I am not willing to give my services to private organizations.

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Such is Faneel—or so I might have flattered myself that New York is hanging on my answers.

Now I know it is possible to purchase all this at so much per line.

So that I cannot put myself on the back and imagine that the "Who's Who in Alberta" or some such name, they got out here two or three years ago. It cost a man who wanted his photograph in as well as the little lying sketch, oh, a mere trifle.

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This I own pastor wouldn't recognize you as one of his sheep.

You probably play a good game of poker, but you soon find yourself down an old lover of croquet or lawn tennis.

The important events of your professional career are probably as dry as a bone, and honest.

Never mind, these leads can fix you up right. Wonder how they'd turn me out in dear old New York?

If I had the four, I'd rather throw it to take a gamble on it. As it is, they must sigh and chafe for further particulars.

You see I know too much of What's What to concern myself greatly about Who's Who.

Don't care so long as they don't make me look like a hoo-doo.

In place of Missouri, why not let us write Alberta?

The editor of the Hennessy, Oklahoma, Clipper prints the following phonic communication from a reader who was rather keener to get in his local "Who's Who" than I imagine most people are, and who thought himself distinctly aggrieved because of discrimination shown against him in the "society columns" of that paper:

"Mister editor. I want to now why hit is that you use so infornul much parathly in your little ole paper. Me an' my fokes has bin visitin' half dozen times lately, an' you never sed one word about hit. You run after big bugs an' let the little ones go. I have bin thinkin' of subscribin' for the Clipper, but I won't do hit now. You no hoo tie to."

One Hoo Has Bin Ringed."

When a certain friend of mine heard that I proposed editing the Front Page of this paper he nearly swooned.

"Why some one will stump you on the first week," he announced.

"What on earth do you know about say, 'The Great Waterways Case,' for instance?"

"All most things," he said. "As much as any of the politicians will ever let any of 'us' know anyway."

The answer to every question on that case is easy, though.

You say it ponderingly like this: "I don't remember."

"Now I can bring that in as well as any one else, can't I, besides—I'm not going to commit myself too readily on any subject. Read the following rhyme and see how easily you can dodge things:

I know a lot of things, I know the names of all the kings That ever ruled in Germany, In Russia, France, and Italy.

I am a sort of Hun, and I know of Lopeida. If you would like To know of aught in history, See under Jars in Volume 'E'."

I have a plan that's pretty dene To keep my questioners in line, And hide the fact that now and then There are some things beyond my ken.

For instance, if some fellow seeks Some point on earthwarlike antiquities That I don't know, I simply say, 'See under Jars in Volume 'E'."

If you should ask me for the date Of some old prehistoric State Or which I never heard before, Or question I should like to ignore, As some deceitful sages do, On counts 'bout which they never knew, I smile and merely repeat the words, 'See 'Yogi, Page Eight, Volume 'E'."

Or if you'd know how Science viewed The tale of Noah and his brood, Or how the world was made, I would not try to shirk the task; But as the Cyclopaedias do, When they are stumped by folks like you, 'See Volume Seven under 'E'."

That is the way to lasso Fame, And for great learning win a name, If you can't answer by the book Just tell inquirers where to look.

When they would know some thing in D, Just show 'em on to Volume Z, Or if it's not known, or shucks, or no, Try Volumes C, G, D, or N."

Last week the doctors had all their own way in Edmonton.

They owned all the autos, cabbaged all the tea-parties, were dined and wined, until it's a wonder they didn't die of the excess of one of their own trunks to keep them from caving in altogether. But medical men are too wise to ring a brother physician up, just because they're feeling a bit off. They realize that it is better to have more than than chances with what they already won't too much of. So somehow they managed to keep going, and despite their very learned disquisitions into the bar-gain.

I want to hear one of them. "The Sins of the Fathers," delivered by Dr. Adam, Dean of McGill University, and a man who has added great lustre to the name of Medical Science, not only in Canada but throughout the world. It was a simple setting forth of some truths we all know, with a few long and unpronounceable names thrown in. Sitting there, I couldn't but contrast the noted lecturer's attitude to his audience with that adopted by the medical profession generally only a few short years ago.

I can remember, very easily too, when it was considered the correct thing for a physician to enter a dwelling as if Death lurked behind every door.

When he made a great business of shaking his head, looking wise (when he could), tapping your chest—in case, although you only had a pain in your "tummy," taking out a big 'hermometer and generally scaring you, and your family, out of your several wits.

Now such antics are no longer the fashion. Your great physician is a simple and direct soul.

He assumes that you are an intelligent man, and so tells you what he knows, and shows you how to produce certain results. If you persist in them it is at your own risk.

The use of drugs is taking the place of the abuse

Continued on Page 2



# SPORTING WORLD

## A MODERATE INVOCATION

O Power, O Goddess, or what name you please,  
O Ruler of our cricket destinies

(Perhaps most easily exhorted here  
Simply as Fate), I beg of you your car.

Little I pray for: as, years ago,  
When I was over-sanguine, say you know.

I asked you earnestly to do your best  
To let me make a century in a Test.

Or in a Gentlemen vs. Players take  
Ten wickets in an innings (slow leg-break),

Or even win some desperate County match  
By bringing off a most amazing catch.

Those dreams are vain. You can be (no offence)  
On such occasions very, very dense.

But Fate, I still invite you to concede  
A very reasonable point indeed:

This, and this only (as the Poet says)—  
To change about my last year's averages.

Oh, I shall be the happiest of men  
If you will kindly manage this, for then

My batting average will be 58,  
My bowling average 14.0, O Fate.

—Punch.

A man who knows English cricket very well was asked the other day during the inter-provincial tournament at Calgary, how the Alberta team would rank in the Old Country. He replied that they would give the very best of the second-class counties for their merit, but that they would not sound like as high praise as it really is. If at this stage we could ask our own in second-class cricket in the Old Land, it should not take long with the proper encouragement to bring us into first-class company.

That cricket has taken a big jump in Canada in the last year or so, especially in the West, there is no doubt, and hope springs strong that the dream of the enthusiast to see the Dominion represented against the Motherland and Australia and South Africa seems not very far from realization. In fact, there is little reason to doubt that a really representative Canadian team could have done as well as South Africa in the triangular contests this summer. The tournament at Calgary marked the highest point that the game has reached in the West. It was a pity that British Columbia had not a team in. There is reason to believe that that province would have proven Alberta's strongest competitor. But the others were no mean fences.

The team which represented the province was made up of six men from Edmonton, two from Macleod, one from Pine Lake and two from Calgary. In addition Calgary had a team of its own. Alberta did not lose a match and Calgary stood in second place. With the best men of the two elevens putted into one, it should be possible to give the Australians something of an argument, provided the match can be arranged on their return trip. The week at Calgary will have done a great deal towards putting such a team into shape.

When, as in the final against Manitoba, Alberta can put on 300 runs in the first six innings, it indicates that a very high standard has been attained to.

Those who have felt that the encouragement of cricket meant very much to the Empire must read with satisfaction an article which appeared in the June number of the *Fortnightly Review* by Sir Home Gordon. Discussing the triangular contest he has this to say:

"The real meaning of the present cricket season is to tighten the ties that bind the Mother Country to two of her most powerful offshoots. Each of the two colonies is sending over a side, not to contest test matches only with our representatives at home, but also on the Mother's soil to meet and defeat a grand crowd of Imperial unity is struck when South Africa meets Australia at Lords. To come 'home' for those thousands of miles to strive, not only with England, but with each other, at the historical headquarters of the Imperial game is no small factor in Imperial unity. The crowds at Melbourne and Sydney and Adelaide, as well as the main street in Johannesburg, Durban and Cape Town, will watch the issue of these test matches with a feeling of interest almost greater than our own, because the grown children of the Empire are showing sure mutual prowess with themselves and with their Mother's men on that Mother's soil in the game which they learnt from us, and in which they have taught us so much. The first Australian teams over here revolutionized our cricket, and the South Africans taught us to make a fetish of the 'googly,' which both have shown us that co-operative feeling and dauntless batting are acquired equally on matting as on grass pitches."

No falser he has ever penned than the empty gibe of Mr. Rudyard Kipling at the 'flannelled fool.' Great cricketers have fought for their Empire as valiantly as authors who receive large cheques for articles dropped into its life-tantrum, and, like so many other untruths, it served the turn when the nation was rather unstrung. Kipling and Macficking have done less for the Empire than cricket and Imperialism, because no fine line to bind colonies and Mother Country could be devised than the mutual struggle waged in a thoroughly sporting spirit. The Empire is based on a similar feeling of co-operative patriotism. The Roman Empire itself might not have decayed had it possessed sport to counteract the voluptuous enervation that cat into its core and made it the prey of successive onsets of athletic barbarians.

This is well put. Sir Home Gordon's words should serve as a text for cricketers the Empire over.

They have a great work to do in spreading these ideas.

But what the English cricket authorities must do before they initiate another imperial tournament is to make overtures to Canada to send a team over to participate. We might surprise the critics, just as the comparatively unknown Australian eleven has done this summer. In any case, the effect on the future would be the best if the premier colony were represented.

There was plenty of good racing at the fair but the interest in this feature would be greatly increased if the pari-mutuel system were introduced.

It is the only fair one for the public, in any case, eliminating a lot of useless and not very desirable middlemen. Out here they have never taken any chances and such a thing as a trimming for the bookies is inconceivable.

To put up two or three dollars to win one is craziness. One does not mind paying a little in the long run for the increased interest that you have in a race when you have some money on it. That you will, under any circumstances, is certain. But you like to see that you have something like half a chance.

The demand for the pari-mutuel has not sprung up to any extent in England, for the reason that the bookmakers there are in the habit of giving something like decent odds. In reading the Derby quotation, for instance, a person on this side of the water is astounded by their liberality. Further than this, there is more of a feeling of confidence that the game is being run on a square basis.

The suspension of Jockey Kelly on Friday night for pulling Roxy in the last race of the day should help some. Unless the judges do their duty fearlessly, there will soon be an end of the popularity of racing, strong though it is in the affections of all with natural sporting instincts.

That was the first round. The next produced an elegant dancing figure, Mr. Burns trying to dance on nothing; and not succeeding very well, was hauled back into the ring by his opponent, to try again. That was the second round. Burns seemed somewhat aggravated at being pulled back again, and Rickard, ashamed at having pulled him back, hid his shame face behind one arm and another boxing glove, but on looking up again, smelt rather closely one of Burns' boxing gloves. The perfume made blood run from his nose, while Rickard's covering his face again did not seem at all brutal to Burns—it did not injure him in the least.

And so it proceeded. There was no fight. There was no exhibition of boxing. The sheriff did not want to see a knockout, and Burns did his best to make the show a boxing exhibition. The only drawback was that Rickard wouldn't box, fight, scrap, spar, or whatever it might be termed. This left Burns no choice but to try and make him, and in trying to make him fight, knocked him about the ring quite a little. After being floored three times, Rickard was good for the full count, and only the sheriff's stopping the referee's counting saved the sound of the fateful "Ten" from ringing in the ears of Rickard and the audience. As Rickard remarked, he was not hurt. No. He was merely finished. He hadn't fought, and couldn't fight if he wanted. The only brutality evident was the brutality inflicted on the spectators, for Rickard was not by any stretch of imagination in the same class as Burns and from his attitude, his evident fear to face the music—or to put it exceedingly mildly, his extreme caution—of losing as though he were a miser, was enough to evoke the inevitable as long as possible and to draw his end of the process. If this wasn't the case, then Rickard was saving time and fearful of his injured nose getting further damaged.

Otherwise, the bout was, in colloquial English, "on the level." The promoters did their best to give

handicap is fifteen, but if you can't get a better game I'll give you as good a one as I can.

"Oh, that will be all right," he said. "I expect you will beat me. I am getting beaten wherever I go now."

He spoke jokingly and there was rather a pathetic look in his mild blue eyes. It occurred to me that as he got on in years he was finding it difficult to keep up his handicap game and was in terror of having his handicap raised. He was getting past his best, but hates to have to acknowledge it.

"A bit off your head, eh?"

"No, no. It isn't that," he said. "In fact, I feel about as fit as I have ever done in my life, and it is a good day for making a fine score, no wind and the greens just right. I should've a bit wonder if I didn't beat my record to-day. Come along, don't let us waste any time."

He seemed as eager to get started as if golf were still a novelty to him; and yet he told me, as we walked down to the tee, that he played every day of his life almost, and had done so for many years. There was something about him that I could not quite understand, but I couldn't help liking him; he was so childishly keen on the game, and so amiable about it too. I felt quite sure that whatever hard luck might befall him he would not lose his temper, either within his club or his ball or his caddy, and that, whoever won, we should have a pleasant time of it.

He drove off a fair ball, taking great pains about his stance and using that sort of half-swing which the greens just right, and every now and then it comes a long swing, and every now and then it comes a long swing.

"Ah, you ought to get over if you get a good second," he said. "I dare not try it. I should get into the ditch for a certainty."

The green was guarded by a wide ditch and a bank beyond it. He took an iron and played just up to it—a fine shot.

"You would have got over a brassy," I said.

"Dare not risk it," he said. "dare not risk it."

My second went into the ditch. I dropped just beside his ball with his stroke gone.

"Now I can only chip it up near the hole," he said, with an eager look on his face, "I might get a four at last."

He played a good mashie shot, and lay within holding distance. I did much the same. As we went across the bridge he hummed an air. He was nervous himself for the right state of mind for holding a four-foot putt.

I put my ball down. "This for a half," he said, as he squatted on his heels behind his ball and selected the blade of grass which he must run over if he was to do the same.

His ball, when at last he hit it, seemed to be going straight for the hole, but he turned aside in the last few inches and stopped on the very edge.

"Your hole," he said resignedly. "I did think I might get a four that time."

His second drive was the counterpart of his first, and he got a good brassy shot, both of them dead straight. His iron took him on to the green, and he took two strokes. It was a good bogey five hole, and I took seven; so we were all square.

The fourth hole was a short one. We both did it in three. At the fifth I was one up on him. At the sixth we were all square again, as I got a par five and received a stroke. So far he had not made a mistake, and with luck on the first green would have been one better than bogey. But he was evidently not satisfied. He shook his head sadly as we walked off to the seventh hole, after he had driven one of his moderately far but perfectly straight balls from the tee.

"Can't do it," he said. "It's no good."

"Can't do what?" I asked. "You'll beat me right enough. I can't keep this up."

"Oh, you'll keep it up all right," he said indifferently and I gathered that whatever it was he wanted to do so badly, it was not to take the modest half-crown we had agreed to bet on the match. He did not care whether he beat me or not. It was something else he wanted, and I suddenly realized what it was.

"What is the bogey score for these links?" I asked.

"Eighty-two," he said.

"Have you ever gone round in less?"

"Never," he said. "I should like to see one once."

"Well, you stand a good chance to-day if you play as steadily as you have been doing."

"Do you think so?" he said brightening up. "If I could get one hole below par—just one hole! There is just a chance here. This is a six. It's a long hole, but we have driven from the most forward of all the tees, and it really isn't more than a good five. Yes, there is a chance here. Give me my brassy, boy."

It was not exactly a fizzle, but it was not so good a stroke as he had been playing. "Of course," he said with resignation. "Still when I wanted no more than an average stroke. Just a click will take me on to the green."

The hole was on the top of a hill. He did not get quite under the ball, it struck the bank and rolled down. He got a very fine mashie and took two putts. "Missed that chance," he said. "I shall never do it."

I managed to keep the game alive till the last hole. At the seventh hole he was one up on me. By this time his dejection was pitiful, and I could see no reason for it, because he had never been in trouble and had never taken more than two putts on any green.

At the eighteenth hole we had to carry a terrific bunker. "My only chance here is that you will have to use your niblick," I said.

He looked at me in great surprise. "I don't carry a niblick," he said.

"Don't carry a niblick! Then what do you do when you face a bunker?"

"I never do find a bunker," was his surprising reply. "I have never been in a bunker in my life."

This gave me something to think about as we walked back to the clubhouse. I had to carry a winning match. For he took five too, and I received a stroke.

"I shouldn't have beaten you," I said, "if I hadn't been playing above my game. You have taken every hole in the bogey, and have played the steadyest golf that I ever saw."

"I was a bit off my head simply," Colonel Bogey, at your service. It is the dream of my life to beat my record at only one hole, and I have never done it yet. I don't suppose I ever shall."

## The Largest Record in Existence

Caruso, the great singer, leaning on a 2 foot "HIS MASTER'S VOICE" Record, containing all his own songs. This record was made by the Berliner Gramophone Company, Limited, of Montreal, and is intended by him as a present for his children. duplicate of this is being sent to the National Italian Music Museum.

Somewhere or other has been writing about the connection of royalty with the turf. Despite the protests which come now and then from those who wish to discourage racing, there is no question that the mass of public opinion favors the giving of royal support to the meetings.

It is generally understood that George V is nothing like the enthusiastic turfite that his father was, but he continues to be present at all the big events and gives an annual dinner to the Jockey Club. This his grandfather, the Prince Consort, refused to do. He had what amounted to a morbid dislike of race-tracks in general, and the whole branch of sport was boycotted from 1840 to 1863.

Whether he was right or wrong, there is not the shadow of a doubt but that it affected his popularity to an enormous extent.

The Saskatoon Star considered the recent Burns-Rickard bout in that city of sufficient importance to devote some attention to it on the editorial page. What it has to say makes very interesting reading.

"The Saskatoon Star considered the recent Burns-Rickard bout in that city of sufficient importance to devote some attention to it on the editorial page. What it has to say makes very interesting reading. Burns did not serve to strengthen the hopes of those who thought that Burns could come back, if he got a match with Johnson. Here is what the Star says: 'The Burns-Rickard boxing contest, over which the morality squad of the city was much troubled for fear it should be a prize fight, and an exhibition of brutality, was pulled off after all, and showed how utterly needless was the alarm and fear of brutality in the ring. Taken on the whole, indeed, the affair was merely a little five-o'clock tea function, or parlor entertainment, from the time that the vaunted Bill Rickard stood before the multitude, and upon the platform of the ring bowed to them what proved, as far as his chances for championship honors are concerned, his 'Morituri' Salutation.' Rickard stood up, placed his arm before his face, and gently stroked Tommy Burns, making that individual purr with delight and stroke Rickard lovingly in return.

the spectators their money's worth, but Rickard was a decided disappointment.

There has been a great searching of hearts in the Old Land as the result of the poor showing made at the Olympic games. It is felt that something must be done to bring about a change four years hence. One of the suggestions which has been put forward by the part of an Edinburgh millionaire, Mr. John McLaren, to endow a great national gymnasium in this city. Games of all kinds are to be encouraged and the most liberal financial provision is being made so that there will be no suffering on account of lack of facilities.

Here is a field in which some one might set himself up as a rival to Andrew Carnegie. Are libraries a greater boon than playgrounds? Who would not like to have it in his power to establish in all the large cities of this continent centres where young and old may find the means to keep themselves in physical trim. It would save large outlays on hospitals and jails at a later date if this were done.

Colonel Bogey remains an interesting figure at all times to all golfers and this sketch by Archibald Marshall in the London Mail is very readable to all who have struggled with that redoubtable old gentleman.

I met him in the train going down to the links. He was a well-set-up man of something over fifty with a grizzled moustache and a red complexion. But was the sort of red that comes from constant exposure to the weather, and I took him to be a man who spent as much of his working hours in the open air, both summer and winter, as he possibly could. A golf golfer evidently by his conversation and a scratch player, as he told me when he was kind enough to offer me a match.

"I am not much of a performer," I said. "My



# THE MIRROR

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FRIDAY, AUGUST 23, 1912

## HOW BRYAN WON HIS WIFE

(From the Kansas City Star.)

After William Jennings Bryan had courted the beautiful Mary Baird for what he considered a sufficient length of time, the Commoner, then a struggling young lawyer, concluded to put the vital question to the father of the bride.

"Mrs. Bryan, William, after finally dowsing the lump in his throat, sought refuge in the scriptures.

"Mr. Baird, I have been reading Proverbs a good deal lately," said Mr. Bryan, "and I find that Solomon says, 'Who findeth a wife, findeth a good thing and obtaineth of the Lord.'"

Father Baird, being somewhat of a Bible scholar himself, replied: "Yes, I believe Solomon is right, but that, Paul suggests that, while he that marrieth doth well, he that marrieth not doth better."

Bryan, who never has been at a loss for an answer in his spectacular life, quickly replied: "Solomon would be the best authority upon this point, because Paul was never married, while Solomon had a number of wives."

Whereupon Father Baird capitulated.

Henry was very proud of the new kittens, and went for them to show them to the visitors. His mother heard them coming along the hall, and alarmed at the noise of the procession, called out, "Don't hurt the kittens, Henry."

"No mother," came the reassuring answer, "I'm carrying them very carefully by the stems."

DR. G. A. MADILL, D.B.S. L.D.S., Dentist, Suite 6, Looney Block, Office hours, 9 to 5.

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## THE MIRROR

### IN THE INVESTOR'S FIELD

That there has been a great deal of very necessary dangers that they were exposed to from unscrupulous dealers in western property, everyone who has the interests of this country at heart is prepared to admit. The wildcaters are our worst enemies.

But a great deal of the sympathy that is going out to the people who have been bitten is quite wasted. In the cases where the most flagrant deception has been practised, no attempt has apparently been made to secure any verification of the statements given by the selling agents. What chance has a man for coming out on the right side of the deal when he has to confess that he knows practically nothing of the location of the land that he has bought and its relation to the town's development?

The chances are that these people, if not caught by the western real estate sharks, would fall for some other form of get-rich-quick scheme just as often as they had a little ready money in the bank?

The articles that have been appearing in Toronto Saturday Night have been of very doubtful value. They may make people more careful, but they are so weak on the details of the information that they give, that no one who wishes to benefit by the very real investment opportunities which the West has to offer will profit by them.

The article on Edmonton was particularly unfortunate. There are many subdivisions being advertised on the outskirts of the city that will not be built on for a great many years to come. The only property that Saturday Night specifically criticized is one that lies within the two mile circle and is freely recognized locally as very good buying. Two and three miles beyond it, in that direction, are others that are being sold freely and the possibilities of which are exceedingly problematical.

As an instance of the inaccuracy of the Toronto journal, an answer given to an enquiry a week or so ago in the "Daily Press" comes to mind.

Information was asked as to Beverly Heights, the enquiry stating that he had a chance to purchase a lot there, what is a reasonable price. He was told not to take it, the editor saying that the property was on the side of a small mountain.

The editor, of course, does not know what he is talking about. Beverly Heights is well situated property within ten or twelve minutes of a car line in actual operation.

The real estate situation in any western city is not hard to size up, once you visit it. Before any large outfit is made this should be done. If it is impossible, the advice of responsible persons should be accepted. Those who have a reputation to sustain are not likely to lead a good customer astray and they are certain to be able to explain and fully justify what leads them to give the advice that they do. The man who is wholly in the dark as to his investments is a fool, poor and simple, in regard to financial matters.

The selling agent to steer clear of, is he who states as a certainty that such and such an advance is coming. There is nothing so sound in real estate. All that anyone has a right to do is to point out what are his grounds for believing that rise in values will take place in the locality where he has property for sale, and the most that he can offer is a reasonable chance.

Canadian Finance of Winnipeg, has these very interesting observations to make on the buying of inside property.

"The purchase of existing business property—particularly property—in a large town or city of assured progress, is a very important matter. Only the individual of considerable capital should attempt it—alone. Of late the syndicate plan has become popular and with very good success where the personnel of those managing the syndicate is 'just right'. Here the human equation is not addressed to as it is not in the case of an individual. An honest fool can prove as disappointing to his associates as a clever rogue.

"Requiring less capital than established business property, requiring even more foresight, a successful investment is 'transitional property' that is just coming or about to come into use for business purposes. Retail business property normally increases at about double the rate of a city's growth in population. A property situated on the direct line of growth for retail business but purchased well ahead of it, will show considerably greater increase. Conversely, a property that is 'left behind' in the path of trade progress will show relatively smaller enhancement. In its issue of June 15th, 1912, Canadian Finance gave specific instances showing how clearly Winnipeg property values, for instance, are following the foregoing statement.

"The one outstanding consideration to be taken into account in a 'transitional' district is that a property which, in course of time, for any reason justifies being in demand, business property is apt to become neither 'fish, flesh, nor rod and red herring'—but literally a second-rate 'boarding house' hash."

This is well expressed. There can be no doubt that after a city gets beyond the 20,000 or 30,000 stage, the biggest money that the man of moderate means can make is in this transitional property. For instance within the past year large sums have been made on the streets running between Jasper Avenue and the C. N. R. tracks, the value of which business has been recognized. Within the last month a similar movement has taken place in the first blocks north of Jasper.

The sale of ten lots on Second Street south to Mr. George Pearson of Glasgow, a brother of the great contractor, Mr. Pearson, who is now Lord Cowdray, at the end of July, was a very big transaction. About \$500,000 was paid for these. All along the other streets there has been a stiffening of prices. The building of the Edmonton Paint and Glass Company on Fifth Street, which has not reached its fifth story, has helped to make people realize the value of locations a stone's throw away from Jasper Avenue property, that is bringing from \$1,500 to \$1,800 a front foot. This week fifty feet on Seventh Street, with a cottage there valued somewhere between \$3,000 and \$4,000, sold for \$18,000.

Another factor that is bound to affect much of

this property is the influence of the traffic that will touch it from the high level bridge. This is the biggest traffic change in the history of Edmonton and in endeavoring to forecast values, its importance should at no time be lost sight of. Ninth Street continues to advance in anticipation of it. The value has been easily a doubling of values on this thoroughfare within the past year. But it will not be the only street affected by the change.

The editor of this department of The Mirror has not, in introducing it, attempted any outline of his plans in connection with it. One acquaintance, any one, who undertakes to express in a public print his ideas as to real estate possibilities, is always certain to be open to it. It will be said that he is trying to boost some particular properties. All that can be done is to deny such a charge and let the future tell whether it is well founded or not. Such a department cannot be given for existence if it does not try to help investors and this is what will be done in all honesty of purpose.

Mr. Chamberlin of the Grand Trunk, when in Edmonton last week, qualified his statement that the line would be in operation to Prince Rupert in 1913. He said that it would be, if the labor supply did not interfere. Mr. Smithers on the other hand definitely put 1914 as the date. No one expects to see the end of the work before 1914 and it is not probable that the line will be in operation for us over it for New Year's dinner in 1915 we shall be satisfied.

It is generally intimated that the city did not seem disposed to give the railway all that it thought it was entitled to in connection with the station project, and that it would probably be delayed. But the contract has been let to the Grand Trunk and the Company of Montreal for the hotel and it would be rushed ahead.

What the company wants from the city for its station we do not know. Reasonable concessions would not be objected to. In the meanwhile the work on the C. P. R. depot has commenced and that end of Jasper will soon see great changes. The work on the high level bridge has been delayed by the alterations in the piers, but the contract has been let to the Grand Trunk and the Company of Montreal for the hotel and it would be rushed ahead.

The earnings of the C. P. R. for the year ending June 30 and the comparison with other years shows what an enormously strong corporation it is and how substantial the advance of the country must be that makes such returns possible. The earnings are as follows:—

	Gross.	Net.
1906	\$ 61,669,758	\$29,973,312
1907	72,217,528	25,303,308
1908	71,284,174	21,792,366
1909	76,123,816	24,955,271
1910	91,489,859	33,839,956
1911	104,167,408	36,696,830
1912	123,519,508	48,298,241

No wonder the C. P. R. stock is around the 275 mark. The change from four and five years ago is a period that all who were in the country then are likely to forget, is very marked. And the striking fact is that this progress of our greatest corporation has taken place in the country that is so far outside the country. Whereas C. P. R. was selling at 182 three years ago, and went to 277½ at the other day, Pennsylvania has fallen 13 points in that period and Union Pacific 20 points.

It is Canada's century all right. No wonder that investors are turning their eyes in this direction.

Dr. J. D. Bosch, the general manager of the Holland-American Mortgage corporation, on his return to Winnipeg from a tour of the West, stated that the country was improving in the mortgage investment development that had taken place in the North—Central Alberta—and with the possibilities that the opening of the Peace River Country afforded.

A few weeks ago Dr. F. B. Vrooman, editor of the British Columbia Magazine, read a paper on Imperial Preference for British investments" before the London Chamber of Commerce. He said that the British Empire was better invested where it would build up a possible enemy and a certain competitor of this Empire—provided the Empire offered a better economic security in the natural resources and the people be held the investment; provided, further, it offered a better political security for the protection of that investment, and provided again that it would earn a better dividend. Dr. Vrooman spoke of the vast hinterland of the newer portions of Canada. He discussed many of the resources of the Peace River Country in its relation to future British investments, and deprecated the amateurish spirit of British capitalists, who are looking for money in the land of countries without economic security, to say nothing of the fact that the money was building up keen animosities against the British Empire offered the best investments in the world today.

The issue of bonds for the Pacific Great Eastern Railway, which is guaranteed by the British Columbia Government, has been a success. This railway is being built in agreement with the Grand Trunk Pacific to give connection between Vancouver and the Grand Trunk Pacific at Port George. Before the autumn 1,000 men will be at work on it, and the line should be completed in two years' time, or simultaneously with the completion of the Grand Trunk Pacific into Prince Rupert.

A Winnipeg paper quotes from its file of twenty years ago that the sale of the land of the C. P. R. land had just taken place at Edmonton when 7,000 acres brought \$30,000.

Tofield's industrial commissioner is on the job and has landed a foundry and machine shop which will employ ten hands.

Hon. Rupert Guinness, M.P., a member of the well known firm of brewers, passed through Montreal last week on his way to the west, where he will look over the investment field. Accompanying him are Lord and Lady Onslow.

MR. F. HAY BURTT ANNOUNCES HIS

## Fall Millinery Opening

Thursday, Friday and Saturday  
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BOOTH TO ASCEND

AFTER GLADSTONE AND  
BRIGHT SEPARATED

Those thousands of busy workers whose duties keep them at work in the downtown office buildings during much of the Cadillaca festivities by daylight had time to enjoy but little of the fun and merry-making, but at least one young woman employed in a downtown skyscraper enjoyed a refreshing diversion from her daily routine the other afternoon, says the Detroit News.

The young woman's name is Sadie Radcliffe, and she is stationed at the telephone switchboard on the ground floor of the Majestic building.

Telephone operators have been very busy during the festival period, and yesterday afternoon was very busy during the festival period, and yesterday afternoon was very busy during the festival period.

Telephone bells jingled, and the switchboard clicked. Fifteen minutes flew by which seemed hours to one or two men who were waiting for the booth.

"There's some one in there," said Miss Radcliffe.

"I know it, and he's been in there for nearly half an hour," said one of the restless men.

Just then the door of the booth swung open, and a rustic head led the aperture.

"Say, when is this darn thing going to stop? It's driving me crazy," said one of the men.

The rank individual, wondering what the merriest was about, and who called the elevator, amiled out.

ALL OF US ROYALTIES

"Everybody is of royal lineage," declared President David Starr Jordan of Leland Stanford University, at the annual dinner given before the National Educational Association in Chicago.

"A luncheon of this kind," he said, "is a reminder of the fact that we are all descended from the same stock."

The influence of the two parents on the character of a child is equal to the average, one-fourth of the child's peculiarities come from the father, one-fourth from the mother, one-sixteenth from each grandparent and one thirty-second from still further ancestors.

The character of each individual is a mixture of the heredity and the environment, and the heredity is the influence of the two parents on the character of a child is equal to the average, one-fourth of the child's peculiarities come from the father, one-fourth from the mother, one-sixteenth from each grandparent and one thirty-second from still further ancestors.

"The current of life purifies itself as it flows, after the fashion of a river. The breeding of superior human is a continuous process along lines of selection. But it is not a possibility through state action, but through the selection of the two choicest results of natural selection, love and initiative.

"The best of those that can be done is to diffuse knowledge of truth, and to encourage the wise and the virtuous, the delinquent, defective and incapable through bad heredity. This is always room for the man of force and he makes room for many."

Perhaps one of the most interesting stories told by Mrs. A. M. Reynolds in the life of her father, Frank Holl, the famous portrait painter, whose early death in 1888 at the age of 43, occurred on the eve of his being created a baronet, is that concerning Gladstone and Bright after they were separated by the first Home Rule split in the Liberal party.

"When Mr. Ruler," said Mrs. Reynolds, "was engaged, the portrait of Bright he incidentally mentioned that he was about to paint a similar one of Mr. Gladstone."

"Indeed it is," replied Bright, with a sigh, "that after all these years you are likely have found cause to sever your connection."

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## MARRIAGE IN A HURRY

Years ago I was an attache at Frankfurt. My principal business was to marry people. The ceremony was a short one; no clergyman was needed. All that was requisite was that the man and the woman contemplating the holy state should sign an affidavit that they knew of no legal impediment and that they were of age. Then they signed a second paper, gave me one guinea for registration in the diocese of the Bishop of London, their names were entered in a book, and I declared them married. The dream of many foreign adventurers is to marry a rich Englishwoman, and the number of aged Englishwomen that I married to young and stalwart foreigners was legion. The German police have a black book in which the lives of adventurers are chronicled. Sometimes I would get the biography of the bridegroom from the police and present it to the bride. But love is blind; young Romeo only became transformed in the eyes of old Juliet into a persecuted hero, and she rushed with augmented velocity into his arms. It was amusing to see the old things simpering and smirking when asked to declare that they were of age, as though they expected me to doubt it.

Once, being in a hurry, I married a Frenchman to an English girl without having got any attestation that he had fulfilled all matrimonial preliminaries in his native land. A few days later I met the French Minister, who protested. The position—and it may perhaps serve as a warning to English girls contemplating Gallic chains—was this: The girl was married, the man was not; the girl was a wife, but she had no husband. The happy pair had gone to Darmstadt to enjoy their honeymoon. Off I went with the girl's mamma to bring back the bride. Luckily, the Frenchman was a man of honour. The girl was relegated back to her mamma, the French legal formalities were fulfilled, when

we had a second marriage. But supposing that the bridegroom had been a scoundrel, it was perfectly open to him to have planted the bride on us, and to have remained a bachelor. Under these circumstances, the only reparation that I could have made would have been either to marry her myself, or to marry her mother, and thus become a second father to her; in either case a dismal fate, for the girl was very plain, and her mamma very objectionable.—"Truth," May 15, 1887.

## WHITE SLAVES

"Britons never shall be slaves,"  
So the poet wrote.  
So the patriot often raves  
With exultant throat.  
"Britons never shall be slaves,"  
As the echo dies  
From ten thousand living graves  
Silent protests rise.  
"Britons never shall be slaves."  
Yet 'neath Britain's sky  
Scores of brutal, callous knaves  
Still the slave-trade ply.  
"Britons never shall be slaves."  
Girlhood in the mire  
Pandar's road with guineas paved—  
Slave of man's desire.

"Britons never shall be slaves."  
Ere you sing it, pause,  
While the fiendish wretch still lives  
Freedom's holy laws.  
"Britons never shall be slaves."  
Make the boast, then, good,  
Doing that from which man saves  
Britain's womanhood.  
—London Truth.

## "THAT JONES BOY."

It is one of the delightful things of life that children are naturally democratic. Your small boy is wholly unmindful of clothing or cleanliness, and chooses his companions for no other reason than that he likes them. Such directness is charming, and would be altogether praiseworthy, if only it were not the means of bringing your dear Willie into the company of that terrible Jones boy who lives across the street.

"You must not play with him," you say to Willie. "Why not, mamma?" he asks. "Because he is not a nice boy. He doesn't wear any collar, and he goes barefoot all summer." Thus Willie learns two things, the knowledge of which will last him all his life: how to use the word "nice" correctly, and how to be a snob. Very likely he learns another thing also: how to play with the Jones boy without your knowing it.

What you have failed to take into account, dear madam, are the reasons for Willie's choice. The Jones boy has accomplishments. He can wiggle his ears, crack all the knuckles of both hands, whistle in two keys at once, and by stretching his mouth and drawing down the corners of his eyes with his fingers, can give himself the fascinating ugliness of a gargoyle. He has also knowledge of roots and herbs, such as sweet-flag, sassaparilla, wintergreen and black herry; and is skilful in fashioning light artillery from elder stalks, and heavy ordnance from two strings and a bit of bootleg.

Of course you were thinking only of Willie when you told him he must not play with the Jones boy, but suppose you think for a moment of the Jones boy himself. If all the good mothers forbid their good little boys to play with him, what kind of boys can he play with, and what sort of a man is he likely to become? If there are a dozen good mothers in your street, and there probably are, and

all of them should take turns in asking the Jones boy over to play with their Arthurs and Alexanders and Fredericks, while they themselves were present to exercise a kindly supervision and correct the most glaring faults of speech and manners, the Jones poison would at least be much diluted, would it not? And the good little sons on whom you dote so fondly—might they not act as an antidote, and in time cure "Jonesey" and make a clean, polite, good man of him?

Think it over, you mothers who have to face this problem of companionship for your children. Think how best you can give your boys not only clean speech and good manners, but initiative and courage and self-reliance. Think, too, of the other boy, and his right to a chance in life. And above all, do not forget that possibly, to other families on the street, it is your own little curly-haired angel that is "the Jones boy."

## THE FLOCK OF DREAMS

By Miriam Clark Potter.

All through the pasture bars of sleep  
My flock of dreams comes home to me,  
The glad ones, and the sad ones, and the ones  
That bring me rest.

At twilight, when the day is done,  
My slumber fairy chooses one  
And leads it to me gently, by a road she knows  
That bring me rest.

To-night the grass is dropped with dew;  
I count the stars; and there are two,  
And four, and three, and two again, above the  
cloudy tree.

The misty world so weary seems!  
Dear slumber fairy, call my dreams,  
Let down the pasture bars of sleep, and bring  
one home to me.

It will pay you to Divide your time and apportion a part of your attention noting the activity that is going ahead in Fort George.

We are here for business. Call and get posted.

# Fort George

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## I HEARD RATHER A GOOD ONE :: ::

"AS A MATTER OF FACT"

By Robert Emmet Ward.

Would I could banish from the use of men  
The poor old, doddering phrases that we learned  
In fiction's youth! We leave no stone unturned  
And "Victory perches," even now, as then;  
The "white road, like a ribbon, winds" again;  
The "crystal-clear spring gushes" unconcerned.  
Cannot we leave them to the rest they've earned,  
Being used ad nauseam by both tongue and pen?

But what's the use? Why paw the earth and swear?  
I wreck my nerves and waste both ink and breath.  
No matter what I read, or how I skim it,  
"Along these lines" is certain to be there,  
And "in the last analysis," worked to death—  
Which are, in the vernacular, the limit!

Dr. Lyman Abbott, at a luncheon in New York, told a good story about a suffragette.

"A lecturer at Carnegie Hall," he said, "was describing certain Western towns where the males far outnumber the females. He ended his description with a mild joke. He said:

"I heartily advise every unmarried suffragette sister to include these towns in her next vacation tour."  
"A suffragette in a front seat made an exclamation of annoyance at this, and, rising, she stalked out of the hall."

"The lecturer smiled upon her indignant departing figure and said:  
"But, miss, I didn't mean that you should start in such a hurry!"

Here is an effective piece of dramatic criticism, said to have been printed in a rural paper in Saskatchewan. A raw company on the "kerosene circuit" played "Hamlet," and the next day the editor wrote: "Mr. Soandso and his company played 'Hamlet' in the town hall last night. It was a great social event, and all the elite of our fair village attended. There has been a long discussion as to whether Bacon or Shakespeare wrote the play, commonly attributed to Shakespeare. It can easily be settled now. Let the graves of the two writers be opened. The one who turned over last night is the author."

Most men would rather say a smart thing than do a good one.

When Paderewski was dining on one night he met a young society man who had won for himself a great reputation for his skill at polo. Being praised by the pianist for his clever playing he said it was different indeed from Paderewski's performances. "Oh," replied Paderewski, "The difference between us is perfectly clear. You are a dear soul

who plays polo while I am a poor Pole who plays solo."

Canon Lyttleton, the famous head of Eton, had many triumphs in the cricket and football fields in his early days, and an amusing story is told in this connection. He is ambidextrous and has been known to throw a ball 100 yards with his right hand and almost as far with his left. Naturally his gift has by quick change enabled him to run out many unsuspecting batsmen. Once when the canon was playing for a clerical side the dodge came off triumphantly, and the victim retiring in dudgeon ejaculated, "Hang it all, when you're playing an eleven of persons you don't expect to be diddled out!"

### Unusual

Meek Sister (sorrowfully): "Seems like it wa'n't fair fer Providence to give you four husbands and me nary a one."

Aggressive Sister: "Now, Hetty, don't you lay that onto the Lord. He never had nothin' to do with it. I jes' got out an' hustled fer them husbands."

### A TEST FOR HUMOR

Last winter, after many days, I met the editor who first excited the buds from this journalistic sapling. He discoursed to me on the painful lack of humor on this continent and by contrast reminded me of the two puzzled Americans in Louisville, Kentucky, who, after hearing an Englishman's address of which the next morning's newspapers said it was genuinely humorous, and not smelling of the midnight oil, asked "Is it true that the English have no sense of humor? We had always understood they have not; but you have upset the idea."

Humor differs, of course, and it is an accomplishment to be able to recognize it, whatever garb it wears. In the United States there is so much vitality that they even dress humor in a shroud, and house it in a coffin.

I know an American, long resident in Canada who has a great reputation as a raconteur, and who prides himself on being a joke connoisseur. He has a story which, he says, is his acid test of humor—if it it makes you roar, you have the blessed, indestructible genius for laughter. If you don't—well, the Lord have mercy on your personality. Here is the story:

"John Wiles was a bald-headed man who, being sensitive, wore a toupee. He died, and the undertaker was preparing the body for the casket. The widow came in, carrying a bottle of gum. Tearfully she said to the undertaker—

"I have brought you this so you can make John's toupee stay in its place."

"Oh! thank you very much, Mrs. Wiles," said the undertaker, "It's very thoughtful of you, but I have already used a couple of tacks."

"That is an improved American's acid test of a sense of humor. I tried it on my neighbour Wiggett, who tried it on an Englishman two night ago, who is just recovering from a cerebral hemorrhage which made his life hang in the balance for a week. He laughed and laughed, as the picture crossed and recrossed his mind, until neighbour Wiggett thought he would have another hemorrhage."

Next day I tried it on a Baptist deacon, who is believed by his colleagues, to be in danger of losing his Christian standing by his tendency to frivolity. The deacon looked at me while the acid worked. Then he said, reproving-like—  
"That was a queer way to intimate that the deceased was a wooden-headed man."—British News in Canada.

### DISRAELI'S BROTHER

Sir Henry Lucy, writing in Cornhill transcribes from his diary in 1890 entries which describe a person little known to fame—

February 11.—The House of Lords meeting to-day misses a long-familiar presence. For many years there sat at the Table a little old gentleman in wig and gown. When the House rose the little old gentleman, divested of wig and gown, generally walked across the corridors to the House of Commons. Unchallenged he passed the watchful doorkeepers, and, if there was room, took his seat under the gallery, listening awhile to the debate, and then went off to dinner.

This was Mr. Disraeli, brother of the famous Conservative Premier, whose influence secured him the comfortable berth he has occupied for more than a generation as Clerk-assistant. He drew a salary of £1,800 a year, with an allowance of £100 a year for rent. Having now retired from office, he will have a snug pension.

Anyone more diametrically opposed to his brother in appearance and manner could not be imagined. A quiet, retiring, common-place old gentleman, he was admirably fitted for the highly paid but mentally exhausting office he filled. Not brilliant, he was always courteous. Many at Westminster will regret this severance of a link with a name that will ever be associated with Parliament and its history.

### AN INVITATION

By Richard Le Gallienne

Unless you come while still the world is green,  
A place of birds and the blue dreaming sea,  
In vain has all the singing summer been,  
Unless you come and share it all with me.

Ah! come, ere August flames its heart away,  
Ere, like a golden widow, autumn goes  
Across the woodland sad with thoughts of May,  
An aster in her bosom for a rose.

Unless you come, who knows but you and I,  
Another year, may seek ourselves in vain;  
For flowers live on, yet each October dies,  
But human faces—do they bloom again?

### WHEN THINGS ARE ASLEEP

By Wilbur D. Nesbit

When I wake up in bed at night  
The house looks very queer;  
The hall lamp makes a sleepy light  
An' ever' thing seems near.  
The chairs an' things are all asleep  
In such a weary way,  
As if they'd like to fall a heap  
But simply have to stay.

The chairs look tired as tired can be,  
Their backs all seem to ache;  
The one that plays the games with me  
Looks as if it would break.  
The bureau sleeps as calm an' still—  
I almost hear it snore;  
The rug spreads out an' tries to fill  
The bare place on the floor.

The window curtains sag 'way down  
An' hardly even sway—  
They're tired from showin' all the town  
How straight they are all day.  
The pictures will not look at me  
For all their eyes are closed,  
Except my papa's one—an' he  
Looks like he only dozed.

My clothes are sprawled out on a chair  
As quiet as can be—  
They're tired from runnin' ever'where  
All through the day with me,  
An' ever' thing's asleep, except  
The clock out in the hall,  
It ticks away as if it kept  
Awake to call us all.

Truth publishes the following entitled "Dearly Reminiscences" by Thomas Hodgkinson, Senior:

I goes to Epson. Yus! Becos  
I've always been, But, Lor!  
The Durly isn't what it was  
When I wur twenty-four.

'Twas sixty-seven when I wur went.  
Great Scott! 'ow 'Ermit tior!  
The 'osies knowed what goin' meant,  
When I wur twenty-four.

And then the gee-gee's back, again,  
Then jockey fellows bore;  
They didn't sit his bloomin' mane,  
When I wur twenty-four.

The skies made bold that afternoon  
Wi' blidin' 'snow to pour;  
Aye, rather! It could snow in June  
When I wur twenty-four.

The folks all drove by road, in force,  
Then sixteen mile and more;  
There weren't no railways to the course  
When I wur twenty-four.

Their cardboard noses every one,  
From docks to dustmen wore;  
Toffs weren't above a bit o' fun  
When I wur twenty-four.

They laughed and chaffed as free as free,  
And all shovled in their oar;  
Even Judges handed repartes  
When I wur twenty-four.

Aye! Everything seems now estranged;  
Naught's what it was of yore;  
The Very Downs themselves have changed  
Since I wur twenty-four.



## VANITY FAIR

Like all the other departments this week, "Vanity Fair" has had only half the attention it should have received.

The work of organizing a paper is necessarily so heavy that the wheels of the new machine run a bit jerkily as yet.

But—with the Exhibition an affair of the past, and life running along in its normal state, next week should see a big improvement in all the special feature columns.

I trust you will find that this is no idle boast.

Last week's social distractions were mostly in honor of the visiting doctors and their wives.

Some were close corporation affairs and included only the visitors and their hosts, while others, as Mrs. Hislop's tea on Tuesday, gave a number of the town people a delightful opportunity to become acquainted with some exceptionally charming and clever outsiders.

On Sunday, Mrs. Malcolmson entertained about fifty doctors and their wives at the tea hour, while there were suppers, and dinners and luncheons going all the week.

On Tuesday I had the privilege of meeting a number of eminent physicians after Dr. Adams' very instructive lecture. Some of these went on later to Mrs. Duncan Smith's for supper, Dr. Powell, Dr. Lynch, Dr. McKechnie, Dr. Archibald, and Mrs. Branton being some of those who enjoyed the merry party.

Mrs. Duncan Smith, needless to remark, was one of the week's busiest hostesses.

The tea at Mrs. Hislop's the same afternoon was very beautifully done. Flowers were everywhere, the tea table being a perfect mass of them, while the artistic reception room, cozy living room upstairs, the halls and offices, were a tower of beauty and fragrance.

Among those assisting, I noticed Mrs. Fortin, of Winnipeg, who, with her husband, was up for the week, and who was looking very smart and being very much welcomed.

Of course the Exhibition was the raison d'être of numberless parties and functions.

On Thursday Mr. and Mrs. Pardee, Mr. and Mrs. Nightingale, Mr. and Mrs. Scoble, Mrs. Baines, Watt, Mr. Reg. Cantley, Mr. Hudspeith, Mr. Cassels, Mr. Mikelson, and Mr. Cameron Strang, of Winnipeg, went out on a day and took in the Fair, Mr. and Mrs. Nightingale entertaining later all the members of the party to a smart dinner at the Corona, after which they finished up the evening by motoring out and doing The Midway.

On Friday practically the same party went out for a week-end camp at Fitzhugh, being detained from returning until Wednesday by a wreck on the road.

Mr. Ross Palmer and Mrs. Kenneth and her small daughter, went down for a short holiday to Banff, on Tuesday night. They will be guests of the C.P.R. hotel.

Among others enjoying the Exhibition, I noticed little Bobby Driscoll, looking as happy as a king, and being everywhere made much of after his late very serious illness. Both Mr. and Mrs. Driscoll were with him, and seemed delighted to be home once more.

Mr. and Mrs. Heffernan, and the Misses Heffernan, of Guelph, who have been their guests at the King Edward, left on Saturday night for a short holiday at Banff. Mrs. Heffernan and her visitors will afterwards go on for a visit to the Coast.

Miss Lines, of London, Eng., arrived the middle of last week, on a visit to her brother, Mr. T. W. Lines.

The engagement is announced of Miss Iris Holland, a charming young English visitor of Mr. and Mrs. Jack O'Neil Hayles, to Mr. James Brennan, of this city.

At present Miss Holland is down at Gull Lake, visiting Mr. and Mrs. Hayes, but I noticed her during Exhibition week doing the Fair with Miss Owen Barnes, who, as guest she was, and looking very smart and pretty.

She was one of a dinner party of four at the Corona on Thursday night, the others being: Miss Barnes, Mr. Frank Sommerville, and Mr. Brennan.

Mrs. Habersham, of Seattle, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Sommerville, arrived in town this week, to make her home here in the future. Mr. Habersham has entered into a business partnership with Mr. Robert May.

For the present, Mrs. Habersham is the guest of her mother.

Mr. and Mrs. Dick Scoble moved on Wednesday from their cottage the corner of Ninth street and Victoria Avenue to their new residence, just completed, on the St. Albert Road.

Mr. and Mrs. Scoble, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Hindman, Mr. and Mrs. Melville Cardell, Mr. Frank Sommerville, Mr. James Brennan, Miss Iris Holland, and Miss Viva Sommerville, are among others I have heard who are going down to the big Stampede in Calgary the first of next month.

Mrs. Percy Barnes returned early in the week from a delightful holiday spent at the Coast.

Mrs. Turnbull is entertaining two charming visitors from Scotland, Mrs. Murray and her daughter, Miss Murray.

During his stay in town last week, Mr. Cam. Strang was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Scoble.

Mr. W. D. Ferris is spending a few days in Banff with his mother and sister, Mrs. and Miss Swaine, of Toronto.

At the conclusion of their stay in this popular summer resort, the latter will proceed on their return trip east.

Very deep sympathy will be extended to Mr. and Mrs. A. J. McLean, of the South Side, in the loss

of their son, James H. McLean, whose death occurred in Woodstock, Ont., on Wednesday.

Mr. McLean has been in failing health for the past year or two. He was the only son, and a particularly promising career is cut short by his early death.

Mrs. Alan Fraser, and Mrs. Madril of Calgary, his sisters, will also have the sympathy of every one who knows them.

Mr. Sydney Woods, who has been absent in England for some weeks, returned to town for a day last week, going out the same night to Bowen Island, where his family are spending the summer.

Mr. Swaisland is also putting in a short holiday in the same pretty resort. Mrs. Swaisland and the children having spent the entire summer on the Island. On their return, the Sydney Woods will move into their spacious new house on the St. Albert Road.

Mr. Hay-Burt, who has been away in New York and other American cities, on a business trip, returned last Sunday to prepare for his Fall Military Opening.

The engagement is announced in Winnipeg of Miss Maude Matheson, second daughter of the Most Rev. Archbishop Matheson, Primate of All Canada, to Harold Wayne Trenholme, of Winnipeg, son of Mr. Justice Trenholme, of Westmount. The marriage will take place on September the nineteenth in Winnipeg.

Miss Matheson has visited in Edmonton on several occasions, being Mrs. Alan Fraser's guest, if I remember correctly, some time during the past winter.

On Wednesday, August 7, a very pretty wedding was solemnized at Guelph, when Christine May, third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Stiven was united in marriage to Elton Lewis, superintendent of fairs and institutes for the Province of Alberta. The ceremony was conducted by the Rev. Dr. Dis. of Chalmers' Church. Mr. and Mrs. Lewis left by the evening train for their home in Edmonton.—Exchange.

The engagement is announced of Miss Margaret Wightman, of Windsor and Mr. A. H. Clarke, K.C., M.P., formerly of Windsor, and now of Calgary. The marriage will take place Monday, August 10, at Ruxley House, Oakville, the country home of Mr. and Mrs. Gundy.

Dr. and Mrs. Riddell are home, after spending a most enjoyable holiday in the East.

Miss Dora Bradley and Mr. Kerr, of Peterboro, were the honor guests of a jolly midsummer dance at "Glencoe" on Wednesday evening, when Mrs. Macdonald invited all the "unmarrieds" in to trip the light fantastic.

Mrs. Strath of Winnipeg is visiting Mrs. H. C. Wilson, Seventh Street, and was a much-welcomed guest at Mrs. Lines' tea on Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. A. F. Ewing is in Banff, enjoying a delightful holiday in the mountains.

Mr. Hector Landry has returned on an extended holiday for the benefit of his health, and is looking very fit after so trying an illness.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlesworth and their children, Doris and Gerald, returned on Monday from a visit to Gull Lake, being guests of the Hotel at the popular little resort.

On Wednesday Mrs. T. W. Lines was the hostess of a smart Five O'Clock in honor of her guest, Miss Lines. Owing to going to press early this week, I am obliged to hold over particulars of the tea until our next issue.

## THE LEISURE HOUR

### THE UPPER CHAMBER

By Lisette Woodworth Reese

Oh, high and still!  
As still  
As drip of dew  
In August, when no gusts do pass;  
And marigolds, a score or two,  
Pour their thick yellow down the grass  
Under my neighbor's ash.

My neighbor's gone. She went,  
A little gray, a little bent,  
A day or two ago,  
Just now I saw her plain,  
From the dull shop across the lane,  
Homely and coming slow,  
Her gay, plaid shawl  
Upon her head,  
Her apron filled with bundles small.  
I had forgotten that she was dead!

I hope that still place holds for her  
Some common little thing,  
Fit for remembering.  
A bit of years that were;  
A tall chair painted black,  
With gilt rose on its back;  
A dish or jug;  
Or else a braided rug  
Of red and blue.

The kind she used to make  
On rainy days, when her old house did ache  
With memories through and through.

For such a simple thing was she,  
Close to the earth, as flower or tree,  
A sweet and honest country wife,  
Bound to a hard, beloved life;  
I hope that He,  
Lord of that Chamber fair,  
Some homeliness keeps for her there,  
Some bit of long ago—  
A rug, a chair—  
Else will she miss it so.



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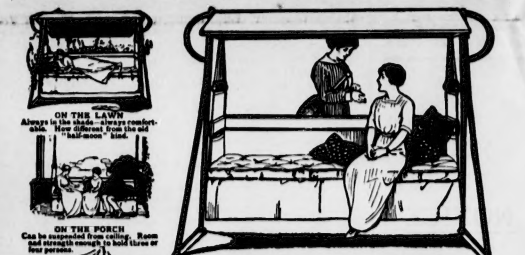
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The back of the "IDEAL" Hammo-Couch is just right height for perfect comfort. A light slat, concealed in top edge of wood-shield, gives sure support for use on lawn, or without frame when to be hung from verandah roof.

Other kinds have an unsupported, "baggy" flap, which you cannot lean against.

Seat is just the right width for either sitting or reclining position. Other kinds are suitable only for one person lying down. Mattress cushion is 3 inches thick, filled with soft, sanitary cotton. High quality, black-colored duck is used throughout. Magazine pockets securely sewed and riveted to each end of couch. Adjustable canopy sun-shade is another exclusive feature.

Length is 6 feet; width, 2 feet 2 inches. Sold with the steel frame support for use on lawn, or without frame when to be hung from verandah roof. Easily carried from place to place.

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The sense of the little poem just above—I wonder do you ever read my verses, or think what while I could tell them from the wonderful storehouse of the years—has often come to me.

I am an impressionable soul, a funeral followed by one or two carriages; a bent old woman; a pinched looking child, always is a walking story to me. They were sometime surely dear to someone's heart. Unconsciously their loneliness becomes a part of me. I see the struggle, the funeral is only the pathetic finale, the old woman the last chapter, the wee child the beginning of an unwritten tragedy.

Down the street so slowly, and the little house left crying out with loneliness. Surely it is the sim-

ple things of life, that point out the tragedies. A baby's empty shoe, a treasured china cup she used to love, a little room that fairly emanates her personality.

These be the skeleton cupboards of our hearts.

These it is we lock against the world, and go out and try to laugh away. But if the day has been busy and enthralling, always there is the night, and the going back, and the remembering.

Since childhood's days we have all heard of the golden streets and the gates of pearl, but most of us that will echo the wish that in that still place, there will be some of the simple, homely things that endeared themselves to us on our present voyage.

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## Through The Looking Glass

Continued From Page 1

of them. Prevention is ousting Cure. The big medicine bottle with its expensive sugar and water dose, is going the way of all antiquated things. Every body knows that Every body had should of sins. What I should like to have learned was a few of the Mothers'.

But the clever medico kept silence on this point, which was perhaps as wise as it was gallant.

There are some mirrors no woman fancies, and the looking-glass of the mother who does her real duty for her children is a searching one.

The meeting of the Canadian Medical Association in Edmonton conferred a high honor on the city.

It brought here men of international repute. It opened up to them the wonders of this young, flourishing country. It gave our own medical fraternity a chance to "brush up," and some of them needed it. And it added another leaf to the crown of recognized Western hospitality. For the visitors went home declaring that the Edmonton doctors were the salt of the earth, the very Princes of Good Follows, and that whenever Edmonton opened out its arms to them again, it would find them ready to come to "heel."

In a drizzle of rain, with the hands playing softly, "God Save Our Gracious King," the Edmonton Exhibition of 1912 passed down into history.

It has been a wonderful week, a wonderful Fair! Such an eye-opener to our own people as those who saw it will remember always; such an advertisement for the city, as ten times the money spent in any other way could never produce.

It has been a week of rubbing eyes to convince oneself that one wasn't dreaming half of it.

The crowds, the overflows, the grandstands, the city of it all, the exhibits in the Manufacturers' Building, the screaming, gleaming Midway, the hundreds of motor cars.

The whole bag of tricks that spells Exhibition, the laden carts from the country, the pigs and the horses, the yelping dogs and the pandemonium of the noisy house—that strange conglomeration of a little of everything that is half the fascination of occasions such as this.

I went for the Opening Day and kept on going until the end.

I did it in day-time, and I did it at night.

I did it from a seat in a box, and I did it knocking around with the crowd.

It's the crowd, by the way, who know how to do Fairs. The Four Hundred almost to a man miss what the Thirty Thousand discover.

You've got to get out and poke around the stables; you've got to stare at great fat carrots; watch the stable boys grooming their huge, sleek live stock, scramble better-skeeter through the crowd on the Pike, listen to the talk about the buildings, arm yourself with a hundred cards and samples, struggle toot-so, but happy, around to the judging ring, look at this man's pet stock, and the other fellow's turnout, to even faintly grasp that an Exhibition is a mixture of almost every emotion under Heaven.

I don't know what I liked best about "The Fair," whether it was the general glorious prospect of the systematic lay-out of this little world within a world, the happy, securely careless, but perfect order that characterized everything; the sense that it brought home to one of being part of a great city that furnishes continental surprises or sheer pride that Edmonton could put up a show that many Eastern visitors assured me, had the Toronto Exhibition beaten in hundred ways.

I believe that last week awake in a thousand hearts a sense of citizenship such as they had never before experienced.

Around by the big iron skeleton of the Horse Show Building, I heard dozens of blase city chaps assuring strangers accompanying them, that "we were spending \$1,000,000 on the building, but at that it probably wouldn't commence to answer our present needs."

The Exhibition City has a way of going to one's head. Out there, you think big things.

You count in thousands, instead of hundreds. You see Mr. Stark's point of view as to what is still here; why the Association keep clamoring for more money, and more money.

You recognize that to plan this enterprise on a Col's Corners Fair scale would be to make yourself ridiculous. The most metropolitan feature of Edmonton today is its Exhibition lay-out.

The most perfectly organized body of publicity workers we have in the city are the Board of Directors of the Exhibition Association, and its manager, Mr. W. J. Stark.

It would bearrant folly for me to attempt a week after, to go into the details of the prize worth the exhibits. The daily papers have fed you up on this for days past. You have seen your own city and its holdings, holding their own in practically all lines in the face of competition from all over Canada, and some parts of the United States.

You have seen a stock and horse parade that would do credit to any Exhibition.

You have no doubt, as I have, heard from the biggest to the slightest exhibitors, such praise of the accommodation and good management afforded by the Show of 1912, as would compensate any Manager and Board of Directors for any amount of work they might have done.

In the line of attractions and diversions, The Midway, and the performances in front of the grand stand, excelled anything ever before attempted in their parts.

At night, if you closed your eyes and listened to the man calling the hot chicken supper, sniffed the sizzling sausages, and listened to the cries of the young hawkers, it took you back to the never-to-be-forgotten days on the St. Louis Pike, the Whirly-me-gig, and the Ferris Wheel, as you opened them, and found proof positive that you had not been dreaming.

Barring the races which indeed and indeed I never grow tired of, I liked doing the Fair when the mid had fallen, and the Manille of Illinois lay tenderly over the little city, and its broad White Way.

Many an evening I stole away to the stables where they were putting the prize horse, the champion boys, the sheep and the swine to bed; took a peep in at the poultry protesting being shut up for the night, at the dogs, baying away now, I think, at the moon, but at their absent owners, at the stable boys stretched wearily in a stall near their precious

charges, or smoking a quiet pipe on the steps, and contentedly watching the fireworks.

This, my readers, is the Exhibition, for the constant attention and solicitude given to the live stock when not on parade is what makes your prancey horses, your sleek cattle, your immaculate pigs, etc., when they are occupying the centre of the show and judging ring.

I thought that Mr. E. Auld's and Mr. Robert's horses made a splendid showing, and that the Western Canada Farm entries were exceptionally fine. Everybody fell in love with the magnificent greys shown by the Swift Co., but here I am doing the very thing I didn't intend to.

I can't go into particulars, if I did how should I tell of the magnificent display of motors, of Jackson Bros., and Ash's jewellery exhibits, Swift's tempting array, and so on. You were all there and saw for yourselves, and stared with your eyes and mouths open, because I saw you, and felt your heart beat faster time, that all this was in your own beloved Edmonton, and that you were a part of it all and had a big interest in it.

The Military Tattoo each evening was a beautiful and fitting finale to what you realized, at night-fall, had been a rather strenuous one.

Then you could sit back and out of the twilight watch the bands and military mass and go through their picturesque evolutions, torches lighting up the quiet accoutrements of their bearers, until in a beautiful half-dream, you were caught into a world of Make Believe, where the stars fell, and strange, light planets went sailing across the sky, and fairy hands from far away played you to sleep with "O Canada."

Lights out, and a scramble for the cars. It has been an Exhibition that you will remember always.

## The Leisure Hours

Continued From Page 7

It looks very much as if "The Leisure Hour" this week would be a hurried ten minutes.

That's the way of most so-called leisure hours, though, when you come to think of them.

The real rest-races of life are very few and far between.

You snatch some perhaps when you are laid aside by illness or when you miss a train.

Personally, I haven't known what one has meant in years.

My rest I get through looking at a few precious pictures and books; just a hurried glance, but I take away an impression of quiet hills, and perhaps a little bubbling stream, a woman's restful face, or the gentle atmosphere of some happy domestic scene.

Unconsciously, I suppose because my life lies along strenuous ways, I find that I have selected all my household treasures with an eye to their quiet livableness with me.

I have nothing handsome to disturb me. The covers of my chairs are ravelling. Most of my belongings have had all the shiny newness worn off. They have become friendly and inviting with the years. My house is a little city of refuge in a world full of annoyances and exacting duties.

And yet I don't know that I could ever be satisfied without hard work.

I am a restless soul. I love competition. My pen hand aches when, as in the past four weeks, it has been idle. A cobble to his last, and a journalist to her copy. In spite of everything, you have got to come back to it.

Here is a prayer some one sent me the other day: "O Powers that be, make me sufficient to my own occasions."

Teach me to know and to observe the Rules of the Game.

Give me to mind my own business at all times and to lose no opportunity of holding my tongue.

Help me not to cry for the moon or over spilled milk.

Grant me neither to proffer nor to welcome cheap praise; to distinguish sharply between sentiment and sentimentality, cleaving to the one and despising the other.

When it is appointed for me to suffer, let me, so far as may humanely be possible, take example from the dear, well-behaved, and go away quietly, to hear my sufferings by myself.

Give me to be always a good comrade, and to view the passing show with an eye constantly growing keener, a charity broadening and deepening day by day.

Help me to win, if win I may; but—and this, O Powers! especially—if I may not win, make me a good loser.

## VACATION

By Mattie Lee Haugen.

A vine had locked the school-gate. I climbed the fence to dig some bait—And peeped inside. The card that read "The Nest" was crossed by a spider's web!

The blackboard bore the Honor List, And shows that Kate the medal missed. "Was not kept long by Tommy Cole—He lost it in the swimming hole!"

The board said, too, "A near-by nest Is full of eggs, but let them rest!"

That sentence, it was said, was by The birds have all flown, long ago—School was a lonesome place to-day—Like home when mother is away!

PRGKY.

Mr. R. H. Fulton, general manager of the Bank of Saskatchewan, which will open in the early fall, has received samples of the new bank bills which the institution will issue. There are three denominations of bills—five, ten and twenties.

The five-dollar bill also shows a railway gang at work. The feature of the prints on each denomination is that the p. ture is representative of Saskatchewan industry the name "Moose Jaw" appears prominently on each bill.

The ten-dollar bill on one side shows the Saskatchewan and railway yards, an don the other side track gangs—specially employed at the steam shovels. The twenty-dollar bill also shows a railway gang at work. The feature of the prints on each denomination is that the p. ture is representative of Saskatchewan industry the name "Moose Jaw" appears prominently on each bill.

The officials of the Dunvegan railway state that a track-laying machine will arrive soon, and that 120 miles of track will be in place before the end of the year.

## THE POWER OF MUSIC

There has been talk lately of the abolition of Military Bands. The following passage, says Punch, showing their value in its true light, should be a death-blow to the abolitionists:

"Navy v. Army"

Matters were going well for the Navy when Captain Baird came on to bowl at the Nursery end, F. J. Wyatt, was brought back at the end, and the band of the Royal Artillery struck up the first number on their programme. The last seven wickets then fell for forty-six."—The Field.

## THE THREE GRACES

Miss Morning, blushing shyly, Miss Noontime, smiling gay; Miss Twilight, serious and mild, I greet them every day.

Each finds a welcome waiting: As she is drawing night: They only just say "how-dy-do," And then they say "Good-bye."

Miss Morning, at the gateway With blossoms in her hair; Miss Noontime in the garden; She meets the toilers there.

Miss Twilight gently says "Good night" And nips down the hall And sings a dream song softly.

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